



THE TWILIGHT IRONY

The Twilight Irony

(11 years in and out of a romantic/comedy/mystic-sci-fi? /Terror reality show - full complex testimonial)

(If u don't want to read it all, or for organization and better understanding, I divided this story by chapters and escalation levels that happen on major events and/or advancements of the technology used in the game(escalations). I also start the story before the 1st escalation, when strange things related to TI's start to happen)

Introduction:

I'll start by saying that I'm an introvert at the beginning of relationships, and since I was 16, some events in my life (changing city upon my father's death) turned my life more to the lonely side.

Still had made some friends in this new town, but I slowly started to gain some social anxiety and started to turn into a very introverted guy with a very small circle of friends that I saw very few times.

I had the necessity of finding a romantic partner, I was about 25 here +- so I tried to talk/flirt with girls on social anxiety forums.

I made friends, but I never found the one.

At some point in my life, I had started to have feelings for someone in my circle, but it never worked out. I still tried to engage her passively on my Facebook with some music I would post on my own page and some messages and images, but eventually it faded out.

Closed my Facebook, didn't want those people in my life anymore, and made a new profile.

This time, I invested some time in making my Facebook page particularly about exploiting my personality and maybe finding someone more like me.

End of introduction

CHAPTER 1 – ESCALATION LEVEL 0 - My biggest love

One day, a few days from starting my new fb, I watched the movie (Le fabuleux destin d'Amélie Poulain), which gave me a refreshing hope in true love. By coincidence, I saw a friend's suggestion in my fb feed of a girl who had the picture of this movie, so I felt immediately curious about her and went to her profile and found out she was the girlfriend of a friend in my old town. I didn't resist and tried to find everything about her. I really liked everything about the girl, and proceeded to sing on my Facebook to reveal more about myself.

After 6 months, I still visited the girl's profile and eventually noticed that things weren't alright with her relationship, so I asked a close friend of mine who is also their friend if it had come to an end, and he confirmed it. I started to try to engage with her by chatting, posting music, images, and sentences on Facebook.

Chatting that I broke because I got impulsive and tried to rush with the possible encounter, and she started feeling I was obsessed with her.

Strangely, when I look back, I don't understand/remember why I got so impulsive (maybe lack of maturity and thinking I found the one was too exciting), but I did and butchered it there, or so I thought.

In an attempt to recover the little that we had, I continued to post music with video clips and tried to tell a musical story while exposing the feelings I had for her.

After a while, I thought I had gotten her attention and that we were exchanging music and messages/images.

CHAPTER 2 – ESCALATION LEVEL 0 - Music and coincidences

I was trying to keep some elements of our supposed flirting in the video clips, like I was red and she was blue, I was fire and she was water, so I searched a bit till I found the right song.

My method was usually to feel the mood I was in and search in last fm and YouTube for my mood with the help of some knowledge or new type of bands in the same genre as the ones I know.

Things quickly escalated to something fantastic as the more I felt, the faster I found the correct song with video. The thing is that this process, and the songs (don't forget they are almost always associated with a video), I have played were almost teaching me a secret as I was finding out a new element in the music.

Other things were amazing, for example, one night I was searching for new Brazilian songs/singers (mood = recent MPB), but found nothing interesting; the search was really short.

The next day, I woke up and I had an almost obsessive thought that I would find the right song in a particular artist I had heard for the first time last night. After a little bit of searching, I found this new and sweetest song and video clip that had some elements and even pronounced her name, which is rare, and was beautiful. (finding songs pronouncing the names of the ones I loved and my own name became much more common in the future)

At that time, maybe it was a biased problem in my mind (I play poker and RNG strategic games, and I have met many who got paranoid with poker RNG), or maybe it was my will, dreamer, and lonely sides that wished to construct a beautiful story with something supernatural.

The fact is that the new element was almost always there, intriguing and flabbergasting me.

I will get back to this new element.

CHAPTER 3 – ESCALATION LEVEL 1 – The first exterior voices/theater

It was a relaxing night. I was playing my video games, my room had a balcony, I lived on the third floor of my building, and there was a bar in the adjacent building just below my balcony.

I was playing my Street Fighter 3 online with Mame, I suddenly started hearing some silly things from the bar, like u don't have the age to play that game, u should be doing other things.

A few days later, I started seeing from another balcony, a bit distant, a guy with a professional camera, I mean, I don't know how they are now, but it seemed those classic old ones that are

big and need support sometimes pointing to my balcony, whether he was or not there and sometimes I would make some theater, saying love with drying clothes, etc. ...

At the time of these events, and in my perception, some friends were also helping with their posts on Facebook with some coincidental elements.

Got a new job and strange things happened. My first task was a thing I mentioned I had done before in my life, which was updating a full client list database with many fields. That shit took me almost 2 weeks, and I used to work very fast with keyboards.

One morning, I opened the pc and I just couldn't open the file or restore any of its saves, my jaw fell, and I could only think my boss had made it on purpose to stress test my velocity.

He promised me a certain salary, and at the start of these events, he also asked me to do some storage room work, which I was very fine to do.

Things started to get irritating when he started to push my hours to plus 1 hour to 2 hours.

After some weeks in this work, he made his judgment. We agreed on some starting test time and only then sign the contract, he wanted me, but with much less payment than we had agreed on.

I just couldn't accept it. (Notice there was a gipsy camp near the office that was supposed to be friends with my ex-boss)

Nights with some regular noises were quite often, and not associated with me, but sometimes there was that theater again. One night, a few days after not accepting the job, I criticized my ex-boss on my Facebook, and then another night, a guy calling himself gipsy and my ex-boss friend were screaming about my writings in that bar.

In all those nights, I would sometimes hear in a high pitch Eugénio, Eugénio, which is a rare name for a man in Portugal, which also translates to English (you are a genius).

My mother and my aunt didn't theater on me, and at this point, I didn't know if I was either on a new hybrid type of reality show or if I was being pressured by higher powers, as I felt they didn't like me to sing some songs. Some songs indeed caused me perplexity.

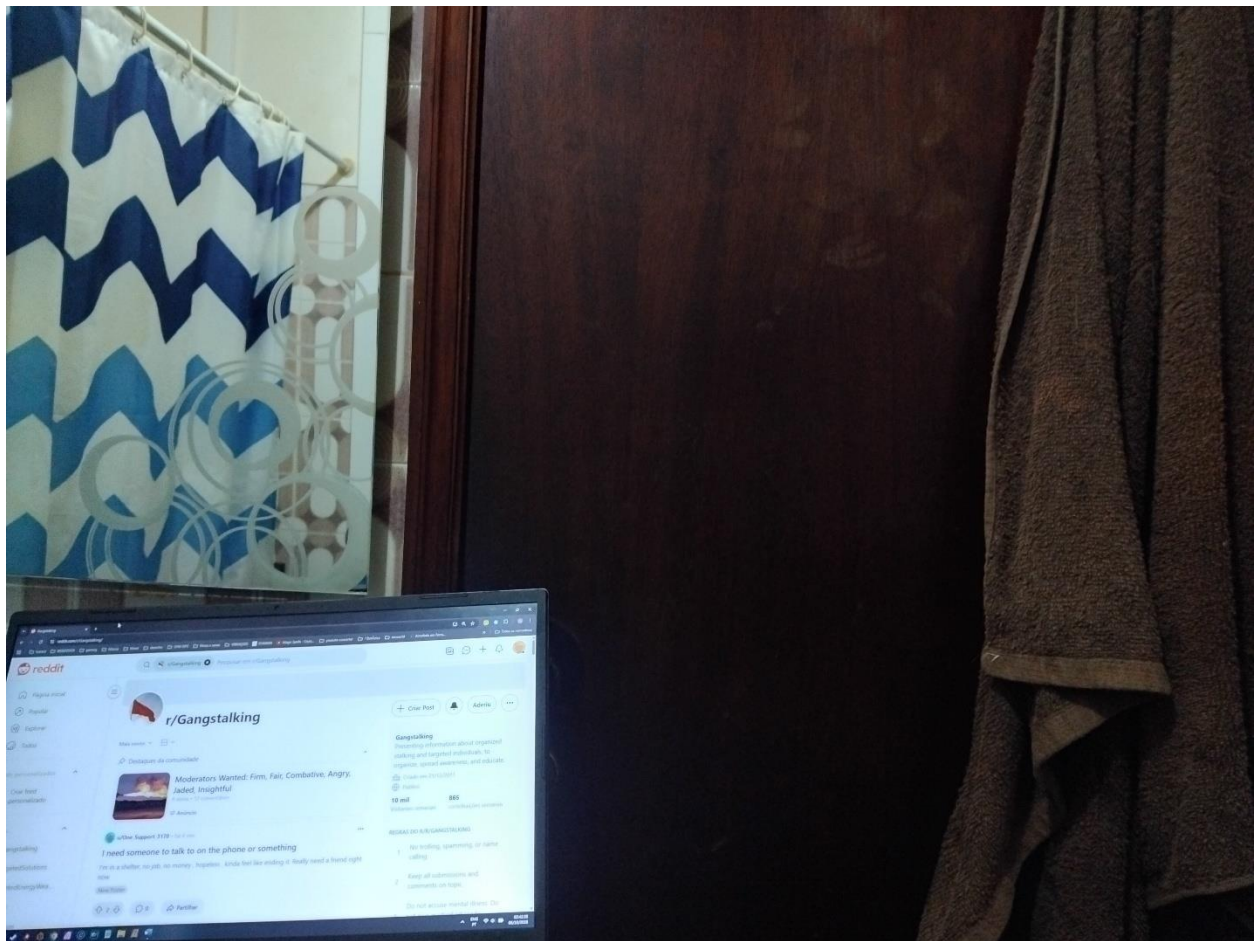
And this is where I talk about the new element, the new element was always a grid symbolizing the unity of one, and how I could communicate with this source if I followed my will and the beat of my heart, and how it would help me enchant my lover.

CHAPTER 4 – ESCALATION LEVEL 1 – The change of house

1 year and 2 months have passed since I decided to sing to the one I adore, Xalana. My mother decided that we had to change houses, as the old house was too small.

Now, many people are making theater on me, the help house movers, the guys that operate the final apartment arrangements, and neighbors.

When I enter the WC for the first time, I see this :



At this time, I started hearing the voices a few times, but I am now thinking they are a cool group of theater guys in a car, sometimes in the street near my house, some of the neighbors, and near my backwards garage, helping us both in this unique reality show.

At this point, I thought I was on a reality show; that my family, friends, and the one I loved were on it too, and I was thinking it was the biggest show on the planet as it all flabbergasted me, so I went with the flow. One of those nights, I thought I saw her with a cap entering my building with some friends; it really looked like her.

I went with this flow for about 6 months till I started feeling impatient and afflicted, as I was expecting her to appear any time, but she never did.

I reflected all these feelings in the Facebook music. It still never happened, and I started to think weird things about it all.

At this time, I tried to arrange a meeting on her Facebook chat in an appropriate place with people, so I told her I would be in that place at x hour and on x day.

She never appeared, and I really got confused and sad. I thought it was the end.

CHAPTER 5 – ESCALATION LEVEL 1 – The change of lovers

I started reflecting on it all. And why she didn't appear and all that was happening, and I realized one thing (I used to visit on fb 2 friends of hers regularly, as I thought they were helping us), one of her friends was a really cute and interesting person, Yolanda, and after this time I started to feel some things about her. So, I started to inspect my true love's FB and don't know if I got paranoid or something, but some of her posts seemed to refer in my mind that her friend was my lover.

After a while, I got a serious song reply (at least in my mind), the song was about sending my love to my new lover and treating her better, Adele. That was a sad day anyway, although I felt attracted to that sister.

At this time, the voices around me are starting to get excited about this and start making strange proposals like if u choose Xalana u get a house, if u choose Yolanda u get 1 million. I went with the game and I chose Y, my new supposed lover, because it was what I felt was true love at that time. I still thought they were only normal people outside my house, so I replied vocally and sometimes with only my lips, as I noticed they could read my lips.

CHAPTER 6 – ESCALATION LEVEL 2 – My 1st lover ex (name: bainote) is the hero and my 1st forgetting

2 and a half years have passed since I posted my first song to Xalana, and now I sing the first song to Yolanda.

With her, it was a bit different, as I knew she had a Spotify account and she was more active there, and I thought she would communicate with me through her playlists and rarely on fb.

I was once listening to a Spotify playlist of her, and to my surprise, in one of the songs I ear (Baionet) was the hero. I repeated that passage sometimes, and felt something strange, but I still believed the reality show was kidding with me with the audio recordings. So, I tried to keep things in the comedy zone and attempted to act with the game.

20-04-2017 reached and I found a new job delivering publicity house to house (I had some previous jobs where the voices played with me, but I really most resume or I'll never get out of here, and I really want this online.

After about a month or 2, I can't really remember the precise time I forgot, I forgot about the game!?

Since day one, people on the job didn't seem to be making any theater, and the voices eventually stopped talking.

I really can't remember well what I thought, but it was in the lines of I had a breakdown, I was depressed, I wished this love very much, and I had a delusion all the way.

CHAPTER 7 – ESCALATION LEVEL UNKNOWN – Back to normal life

No voices, no theater, and the ones I loved never knew who I was, and life went on as usual, mostly work-house.

After a few times, I tried to reach her on Facebook and left a message about my feelings and the songs, but I never had a reply or even a sign that a reading had been made.

In the meantime, I tried to sing songs about the one grid to my Facebook friends and kept singing for Yolanda and eventually to Xalana, too.

About 2 years and 7 months have passed since I opened my new Facebook account.

CHAPTER 8 – ESCALATION LEVEL 2 – Last strange month

In the last month I was working there, one of my friends gave me a suggestion of a new job in a factory. Since they were paying well and I had had enough of this current job, I submitted my CV.

In those last few weeks, some strange episodes happened. First, very few people in the street started saying (usually on balconies and open windows), Baionete (my old friend and ex-Xalana boyfriend) is the hero! I would sometimes reply back with Yolanda and Xalana are.

In the shopping, people would shout Yolanda or a million, sometimes I was very lame in the answers, also serious sometimes, other times I would say only one million (sometimes the theater was made with lips/expressions and gesticulations or vocalizations).

Second, I had a wet dream that caused me a wtf moment since those were long gone, with a work colleague, next day the girl couldn't look me in the eyes, and she was totally shy around me in ways I never saw in her !?

Another episode that baffled me was at the end of one day of work, the friend who suggested the job was standing 3 meters in front of me, turned to another friend and said my name" Zen, is not an actor".

Damn, I felt weird and didn't know what to think about it. The game was back somehow ?! I still didn't hear the voices, so I was confused.

After a few days, I was called to an interview, the theater had stopped again, and I got accepted into the factory. Again, I thought it was all on my mind, some mental breakdown or neurotic attack, so I entered my new job in a car factory as an operator, realizing there was never a game.

(The overall experience in this job of delivering was strange, some good moments, but with lots of conflicts.)

CHAPTER 9 – ESCALATION LEVEL: UNKNOWN – Back to normal life part 2

The factory was 30km from my house and took me half an hour to reach it. The first week was all about theoretical formation with a group of colleagues. Everything was normal, I got an instant friend who would be with me everywhere, so the time passed well.

On the last day of formation, one of the interns fast looked at me and said, "It is the red guy." he had a confident stare and a smile. After saying that, I instantly looked to the other side and thought, maybe people are indeed seeing my Facebook and know about the grid symbolizing the unity of one.

The second week starts with a physical formation, and from there, I never saw anyone talking strangely to me again.

One year and 4 months have passed, I liked my job and I made some friends, I kept posting songs on Facebook about the one grid and about the feelings I had for Yolanda in case she ever saw it. I knew she loved songs, so I still had hope.

CHAPTER 10 – ESCALATION LEVEL : 2 – Back to reality show part 2

Two months until the start of the COVID wave, and the voices and the street theater reappeared!

At this time, I no longer worked in the production line but in my own welding closed spot, so the street theater was mostly an exclusive audience, with a very few exceptions that are not that important to count.

They would make me believe Yolanda and the world were still watching me. I took it surprisingly well. I really wanted to find real love and all that the most innovative show in the world promises, again. So, I went with the wave again ...

I thought we were seeing and singing to each other again.

Brutality covid starts and the factory enters layoff mode after 2 weeks, I got called to office and to my surprise instead of a cordial and thank you goodbye, I get an excuse, I don't really remember the nuances but they told me something in the lines "the supervisor of the zone told us u were not that good worker", I immediately told them very disgusted "the objective of the welding for hour is 180 pieces and I make about 240 per hour and more then the other 2 turns welders" and they replied "but u also worked for 10 months in the line"

I worked the same, always maintaining the requirements, and the guy they pointed out wasn't even my supervisor there; that guy actually liked me and had quit the factory to another one,

but this guy, he never liked me for some reason, and after so much absurdity, I just asked for the papers and quit.

At today, while I write this, 03/10/2025 It is a bit contradictory what I felted, because I thought we were finally going to meet after this event, and after a bit of thought I think it was just a bit of immature proud because in my mind, I was thinking this is a romantic/comedy reality show in each even the factory managers are in.

31-03-2020 is the day I got fired, and after 2 or 3 days, the voices and street theater ceased and also eventually Yolanda's replies got scarce and non-relatable.

CHAPTER 11 – ESCALATION LEVEL: UNKNOWN – Back to normal life part 3

15-05-2020, the days of sadness culminate and, in my mind, schizophrenia dilacerated me again.

I obviously just gave up singing for her.

After a few weeks, I kept singing about one in my Facebook and on the day 27-06-2020, I noticed an ex-co-worker liked posting music on Facebook, and I found that girl beautiful both in looks and personality, she had and lived with a boyfriend.

After some songs, I think we got a connection and so we would sing on a regular basis till 07-07-2021, were I decided to stop singing for her as I noticed things wouldn't move from there, maybe it was all in my mind, maybe she had doubts.

21-07-2021 I had a relapse with my ex-coworker and started singing for her (at this time, I was taking a course of study necessary to upgrade my level).

CHAPTER 12 – ESCALATION LEVEL : 3 – Back to reality show part 3

In the middle of the internship, while I was working alone, I started hearing very low-pitched and sparse voices in the background, but to my surprise, no one was at the store.

I go back to work, and start hearing the voices clearly, talking about my work. This happened for about an hour and stopped. I started to think about it later at night, but it only left me confused.

Was it the voices again, or some apparel my boss used to spy on me, and made a mistake, and I could hear something?

The day after, the exact same thing happened about 1 hour in the middle of the work, with the same contents being said, like appreciating and criticizing my job.

On the 3rd day, the same thing happened at the job, but this time at home, in the middle of the night, it all changed. It wasn't anymore in my head, the voices were back and started talking in the middle of the night. They even joked with me as I was so confused I would put my head out of the window to check if I was getting Schizophrenic or if it was real people. This time was a bit different as the voices almost looked internal and not in a location.

On the 4th day, I obviously associated these events with Yolanda, and I went to her Facebook page, where she had a photo dressed in blue, one of the major elements.

I felt ecstatic, 1000 thousand thoughts ran into my mind, but most of all, my passion was back in my life, the game/reality show/unique social experience, and the money involved.

On the 4th night the squid (I should call the voices the squid now because of some lore and realizing they might be internal voices (swimming bellow 2 meters was a clue)) proceed to test me about my will to sing to Yolanda or my Ex-Worker friend and I proceeded to sing to Yolanda, no matter what, I had a greater passion, history with her, no matter what the squid said nothing would ever change and it didn't no matter how good it looked in squid vision ... He pressured me about this decision but I always tough it was part of the comedy trait of the game.

CHAPTER 13 – ESCALATION LEVEL : 4 – Intuitions as a helper in building my history

The game has started again, and I was fond of it because of what I said before, and because there was something semi-new to me that had been born before at some time in my life, I sadly can't really be precise when it started.

This, what I am calling intuitions is just the best word to describe the phenomena, that is, sometimes when I really want to sing a song about my lover or the one grid the words or the name of the band/artist will eventually come from my inner voice, never them, I just know it, and the names are not of my memory as they are new bands/videos to me. I still sing by searching, but when this occurrence happens, it accurately describes how I feel both in melody, lyrics, and video clip, and most of the time, the elements of the love story and the one theory appear in the same video clip.

The lore of the squid this time was more on the comedy side; they wanted me to make a character of a funny devil with the people I saw around. While I was loving Yolanda with music, I both loved it and I both hated it because it's hard for me to make humor, sometimes I would call myself [Cachalote in Portuguese] (Sperm whale) feels like cash a lot, and that's it, that was probably my best. They did spam me with the million.

At the same time, I had a bad feeling about these events as the squid discredited my intuitions, and I didn't like it.

So, as I was being watched apparently not just in Portugal, they made me believe many places like u.s.a. and Brazil I needed to show my intuitions, I was on live TV, but I wasn't sure about the squid, so I tried to pull some tricks to show my intuitions in live TV, and they worked! Still was like no one thought that was special !?

The game continued, the voices, the theater, I really didn't know very well what the hell was happening, but Yolanda kept replying, so that gave me the strength until 01/01/2025. Today is 05/10/2025.

CHAPTER 14 – ESCALATION LEVEL : 6 – A bewilderment feeling level

It was the 28th of January 2022, 6 months after all reappeared, when I was in shock as one night the squid made me know he could read my thoughts and eventually all of my life memories, faster and clearer than I. After a few minutes, I got a panic attack as I couldn't grasp how the hell that was possible. I recovered after a few minutes, as an ex-patient of social anxiety, I had my tricks, it still made me put my legs up the windows, and some minutes using breathing techniques. Not that I have a bad/shameful past, but it is still powerful to absorb. It still gave me, for some weeks, a feeling of vertigo that I learned/adapted to control.

(At that point, I would talk with the squid with low vocalizations and lip talk, but I always wondered about their technology, including cameras that I wouldn't understand, even in my shower, hell, every place I got around, guess I had some preparation, but not in my wild dreams, some sort of telepathy was possible).

All of this lore, roleplay, and theater were in many places during my life. I also passed through more than 3 jobs till today, where all this theater was happening, roleplay between the squid and the people surrounding me endured till 13 September 2022.

Sometimes they were nasty, but I also have an open sense of humor; I just don't like making it, but that wasn't what really annoyed me.

At this time, I was getting a bit revolved as everyone was only taking this to the romantic and funny side, and my efforts to show one through intuitions were completely ignored.

At this time, I was taking with many theater and surreal things, my favorite radio/podcast shows were participating in it, the TV shows with popular stars were talking to me, even great events like the Olympics were like a big theater all interconnected with the squid, my lovers, and me always living symbiotically with the same lore.

So, I took up the stakes, I had had enough of it, and decided to write a story inside a story with mostly intuitions, if not all, trying to explicitly show what the intuitions were.

(Maybe I will write a full version in the future as it takes me some time, pinpoint memories and sources to revive it all, can't remember if the story inside the story was fully intuitions, and there are other details)

In this mini story, I decided to add a new major element that consisted of me making a journey to an island, to find a garden and a special flower, and a secret in it to find. This mini story I started with a song I obsessed over on the radio, and from then on, till I found the answer in the music, I used mostly intuition. The idea started from this song **Regina Spektor - Up the Mountain**, if u want to understand better where I was going (I wanted to show one and my passion for her through all the mini-story, and also prove to myself I was not crazy)

(In my mind, I thought intuitions could be used in every society skill, by everyone, the person just had to believe in them and have a burning passion for the skill, and goodwill for the root to come up with great ideas)

The intuitions didn't fail me.

It passed through some weeks, and it eventually culminates in its peak with the song **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes - Wake up Everybody (Official Audio) ft. Teddy Pendergrass**, with a beautiful related image somewhere on YouTube, with a forest man has in, we are all one.

Almost at this time, I had a small mental breakdown that took me to the emergency room, where I was diagnosed with schizophrenia. I somehow knew I didn't have, but I was using severe words to the squid, like the game stops now, or it's a violation, etc.

Somehow, after recovering from the mental breakdown, I still believed in this love, so the story still continued into its eventual merge into the normal story, and then someday I decided to try for the first time to do a big drawing.

I picked the pencils, and this came :



As u can probably see, if I was delusional, at least I believed in my illusions, that's me as the parrot, the squid, Yolanda in the upper and Xolana and Yolanda in the multi mirror, I thought of Xalana as a helping sister at this time.

CHAPTER 14 – ESCALATION LEVEL: 7 – The New Year's Eve 2024 and the rooting of a passion

At this time, we had more than plenty of funny and romantic moments, and in my mind, I knew it was there, the moment I waited for. The funny moments with squid were more about light pranks, like fucking with my smartwatch and its repair guarantee, vanishing of items in my

sports gym, bugs in my video games, strange nostalgic smells, and minor problems with the car, and always the roleplay with squid and the constant street and house theater.

After a bit of effort, I managed to make the last adjustments on the big draw right up till 23h30 on as I truly believed she would come that night, she never did.

CHAPTER 15 – ESCALATION LEVEL : 8 – My true love is back, but the world has gone crazy

The next days felt empty, and all that was left was some attachment for Yolanda. I kept seeing it regularly, but much less, and I noticed that sometimes she would somehow, in her posts, point at her sister, which was my biggest love.

The technology at this time is just ridiculous, I can hear the voices in motors, in the water, in my breath, animals talk to me, babies talk to me, bugs in my video games, all YouTube chars and Netflix talk to me and I mean it's not just sound, sometimes the lips coincide its surreal like a paranormal A.I. is used in my connection. Not with the voices(squid), some people say it's A.I., but I'm very sure it isn't A.I.

The context is always in the same lore, too long to be explored in my 1st revision.

So, with all this in mind, and many emotions in the middle, I decided to watch Xolana again and all the moments I felt with her! All came back, and one day I knew I was only in love with her.

So, I sing a goodbye song to what I feel now is my sister and an intro song to Xalana.

After some songs, I thought I had a reply from Xolana, and her next 4 posts made me believe we were connecting again. Her last post was in July this year, and it was the best possible post I could ever have, but from there she ceased activity, except the squid makes me believe she is there with them; the same happened with her sister. I told her that if she didn't come last week, I would forbid the game; she never did. I am absolutely still broken. This made me go further away into the Tis subject that I only had a pick eye some time ago, where I found some consistencies when I went a bit psychiatric.

After watching so many cases on Reddit subs, I decided I could only write my testimonial as my life took a complete turn upside-down.

The squid is still talking and lore playing with me at this point of writing 00h41:30 seconds 06/10/2025, things like my friend's specific names will fuck my love better, racism bullshit about

me, Yolanda bullshit, they do play and/or read/play with my visual cortex and some funny/embarrassing images, etc....

At this day 06-10-2025 I have 4 to 6 internal voices (the squid and more 3 birds 24/7, I know...) an exclusively channel with 2 chars of each at least one char that is popular and sweet in Portugal, nasty/funny in here, that my mother keeps putting on the tv on her room, voices in every vibration/sound wave I hear. And sometimes mixed with some neighbors each I now call I.T.S.

I had constant roleplay consuming launches with family, where they all roleplayed. Sometimes, like in Christmas/big parties, more than 20 people. They know of my urgency and doctors saying I am schizophrenic, and they keep roleplaying like fucking zombies in a hive mode. I told my mother only small details about me and my problems, and thinking about being in a reality show, she never remembers the roleplay she does with me. and.

My family is not that cold. I repeat, all my family and friends are not that cold, nor the ones I loved, I don't think anymore we are roleplaying here.

With my peculiar(in my mind) experience, I now believe there's the Tis and the I.T.S, the ones all around you, the TI. They can somehow control the minds of the ones around u, they will right of mass manipulate in hive mode and roleplay with me in accordance with the squid chatting. Gyms, swimming pools, shopping's big ones, they can do it everywhere, it's not just people bought to do it, there's no possible investment/money/tech for such happenings, it's much more than that.

I'm already thinking that either they have big tech, and they can approach each body's magnetic field, or they have to use some agents near the zone I am to activate the mass manipulation and start the hive zone mode. They are recently starting to abuse at night, with loud voices from neighbors, expecting me to call the police or call them down, with the expectation of provoking me by frustrating me. They've done it in the past. Nowadays, I just leave them to their show; I'm a night owl anyway.

But my experience showed me something, someone, with or without technology is in here, and they have a lot of mind powers and/or mind technology. It also showed me that they absolutely hate my musical intuitions.

I made a resume of some of my songs in a playlist with the resume of the main meaning the intuitions brought to me, the power of 1, and the capacity to talk to other beings, somehow connected to something and to us:

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLitEwMbjPbmGRvbHkDLG5DMuCYfVXSGZb>

The End

